



A New Song,

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in
the Farmer.*

TO hear a sweet goldfinch's song,
This morning I put on my bonnet,
But scarce in the meadows, poison it,
When the Captain appeared in view;
I felt an odd sort of sensation,
My heart beat a strong palpetation,
I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
Says he, my dear, how d'ye do?

The dickens, says I, here has popt him,
I thought to slip by, but I stopt him,
So my very best curt'sy I dropt him,
With an air then he took off his hat;
He seem'd with my person enchanted,
He squeez'd my hand, how my heart
panted,
He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
And pray what harm was there in that?

Says I, sir, for what do you take me?
He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
No, ad rat him I he'd never forsake me,
And then on his knees he stoop'd down;
His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
He manag'd the matter so neatly,
I ne'er can be kist by a clown.

